

MARVEL

65

WAID
BUCKINGHAM

FANTASTIC FOUR

SMALL
STUFF...
PART 1 OF 2



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SAMUS

THE FANTASTIC FOUR

1 A team—and a family—of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary—and extraordinary. As of today:

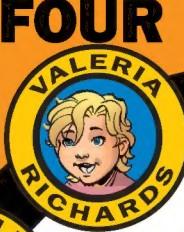
2 Against the universe's better judgment, Sue entrusted Johnny with the financial operations of FF Inc., the team's licensing and revenue arm. Johnny's resentful co-workers, Ethan and Christi, immediately figured out a way to make themselves look good at Johnny's expense...



3 ...by tricking him into signing away Reed's greatest discovery: the trade secret behind the ultra-adaptable "unstable molecules" that make up the team's impossibly resilient uniforms.

4 This is a very, very bad thing.

STAN LEE PRESENTS
SMALL STUFF...



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the best stuff

**PART
1 of 2**



Ben, do we have any chips left?



No.



It's actually quite revolutionary. I've been able to incorporate wormhole technology into self-perpetuating proton exchange membrane fuel cells where the waste elements of water and oxygen are drawn into a microscopic black hole singularity, creating an accretion disk that releases surprising amounts of electromagnetic energy.

...and then be rerouted through the optic-fiber

cond...

Why on Earth would you want him to answer that?

Gives him somethin' t'do while I take care o' the problem.



Benjamin J. Grimm, you put that down right this second. Haven't you done enough damage?

Again with th' invisible force-fields...

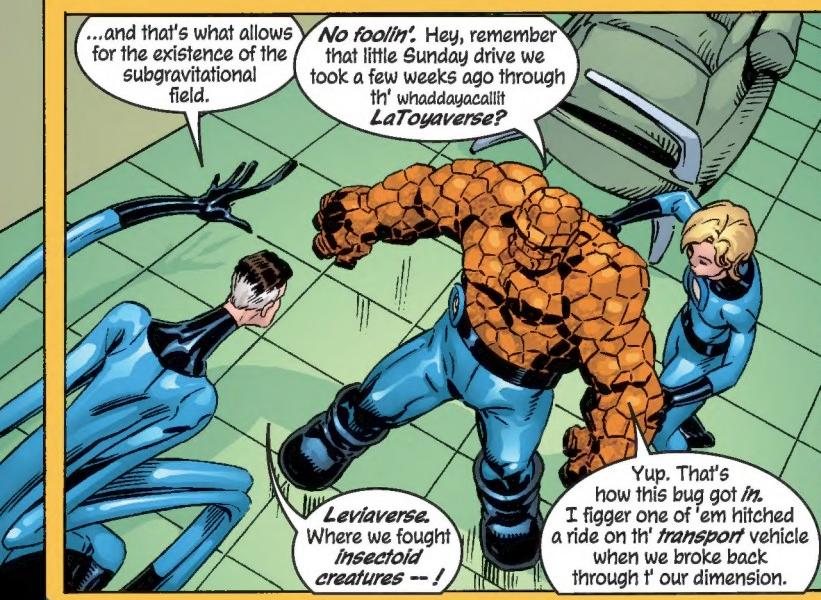
Waaaaaaosec.
"Shieldin' system." Nothin' comes in from outside...



...and that's what allows for the existence of the subgravitational field.

No foolin'. Hey, remember that little Sunday drive we took a few weeks ago through th' whaddayacallit LaToyaverse?

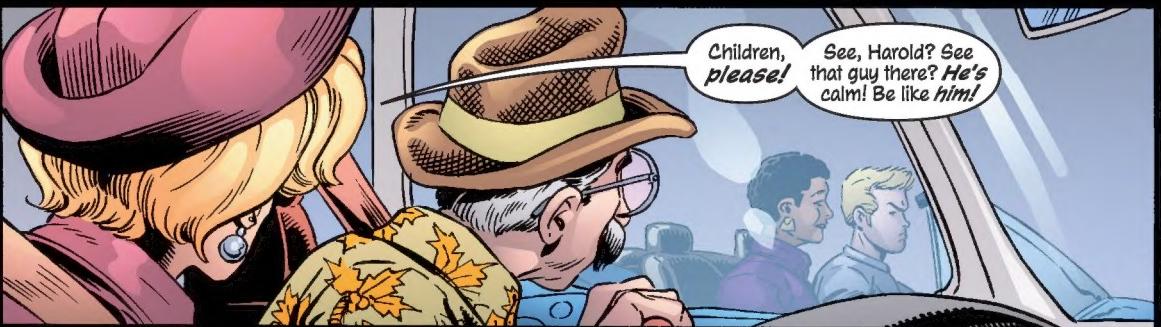
Prolly been hidin' ever since...



Leviaverse. Where we fought insectoid creatures -- !

Yup. That's how this bug got in. I figger one of 'em hitched a ride on th' transport vehicle when we broke back through t' our dimension.







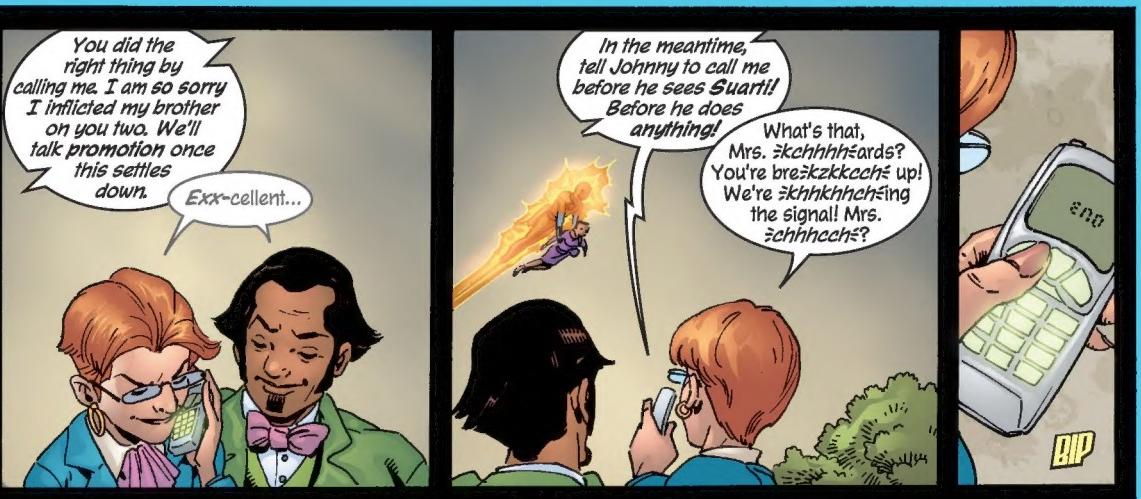
We're racing the clock here.

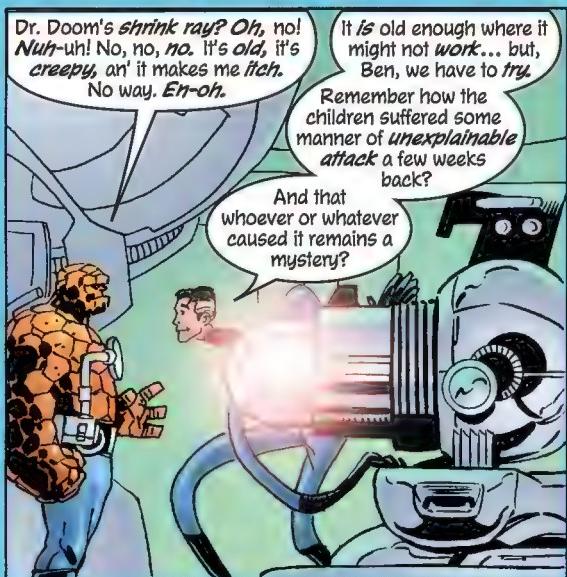
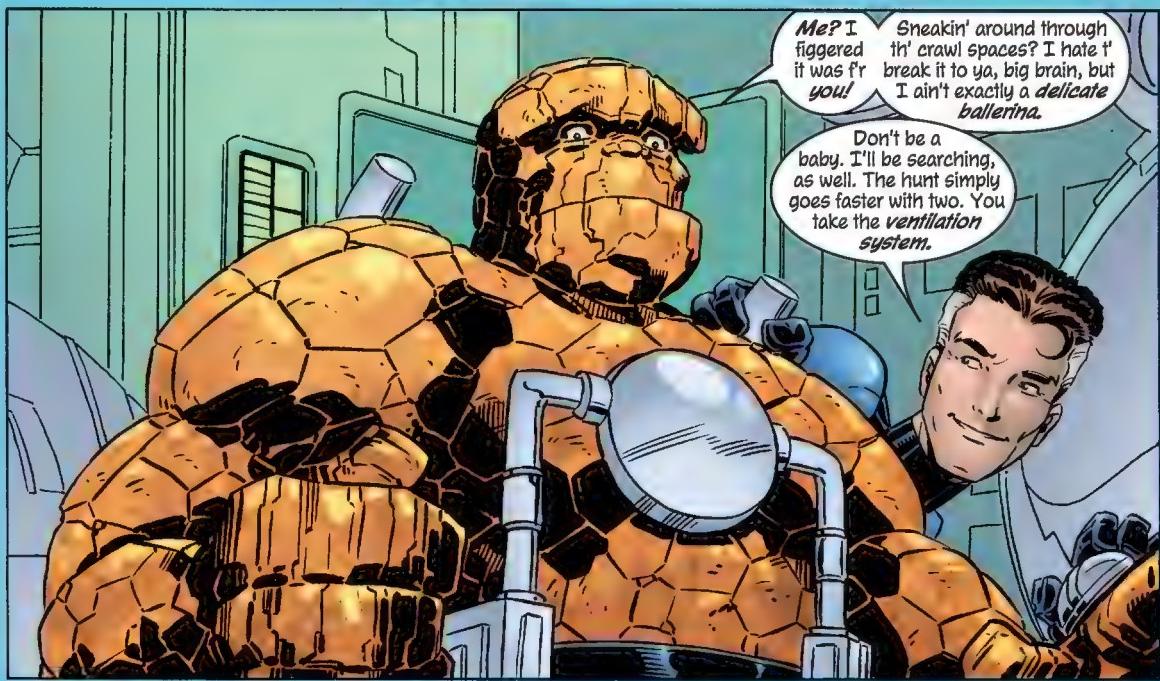
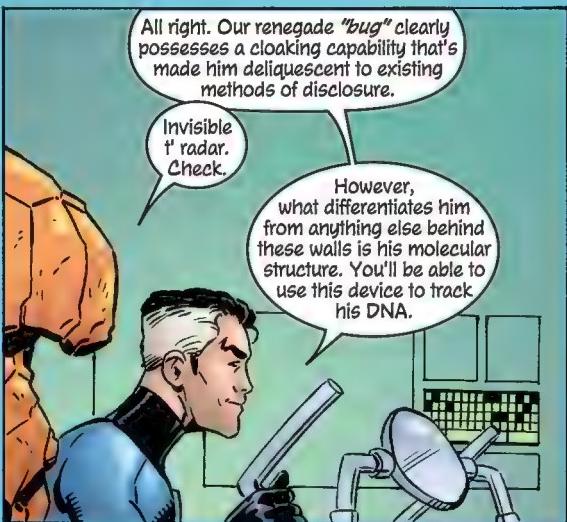
A little warninggg--!

I promised
Guarti we'd bring him
some fabric samples with
unstable molecules so he
could get a good look
at what he's
licensing.
You
have them,
yes?

They're
in the --
PIGEONS!
-- they're
in the bag.
Where'd you
get them, by
the way?







Suppose it's somehow related to our little infestation.

Awright.

Thanks.

Don't mention it.

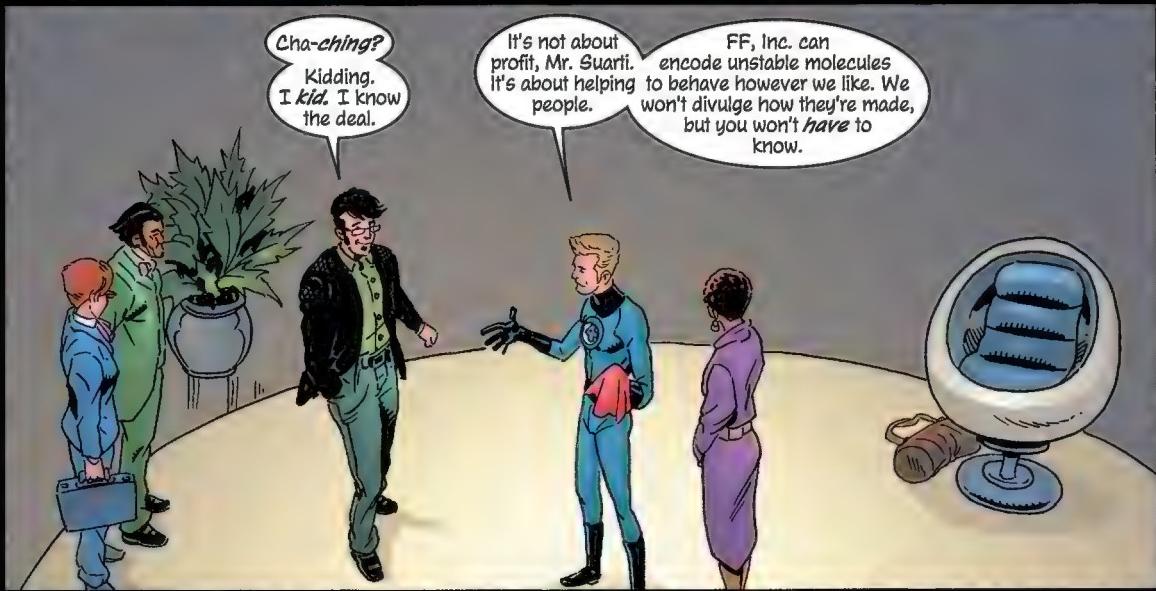
Perfect. You've lost a proportionate amount of mass as well, which should facilitate the integrity of the air conduits.

Won't fall through th' ducts. Check.

Y'd better be able t' undo this.

I can.

I'm just sayin'...

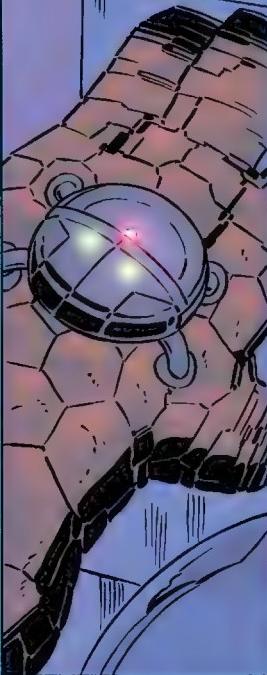




Hey, Stretcho --
which light's the bug,
again? Red or
green?

Red. Why?
Are you closing
in?

Yeah.
Naw, wait -- no.
Wait -- yeah. Hell,
I dunno. Keeps
blippin' in an'
out...



Bwah-
ha-ha!

What?
What's so
funny?

I'm *sheh*: I'm
somy, Ben. I just
can't help it. It's that
little helium voice
of yours...

Say "It's
clobberin' time."
Just once. Come
on.

Shuddup.



